

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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*Reviewing the Constitution.—Synopsis of the Arguments by Hon. Ben. S. Robbins.*

Much of our space this week is given to the Constitutional Convention question, and we have no apology to offer for it either. It is an all important question, and, in fact, the only question before the people. Hon. Ben. S. Robbins' masterly speech clearly demonstrates the necessity of Constitutional revision. The only objection yet urged is the great expense of having a convention. The objectors are short sighted. A new Constitution would correct abuses which now cost the State every year far more than the convention would cost.

A new Constitution would transfer all local legislation from the Legislature to the county courts, and thus, by shortening the term and reducing the amount of printing and binding, from seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars would be saved at each and every session of the Legislature.

A new Constitution would probably set a limitation upon the Legislature so that it could not provide for the payment of special Judges, etc., out of the treasury when the regular Judges are drawing their salary, too. Thousands of dollars would be saved at this point.

A new Constitution would prevent counties and towns from bankrupting themselves by voting large sums to bogus railroads and other schemes. It would do it by limiting the amount to which they might involve themselves.

A somewhat similar provision (Sec. 36, art. 2) in our present Constitution has kept the State free from debt.

A new Constitution by proper limitations and restrictions, would throw greater safeguards about the Treasury, against fraudulent claims, etc., than is now the case.

It would probably lengthen the terms of our judges, make them ineligible a second time and thus remove from them the temptation to favor those to whom they look for re-election.

There ought to be Constitutional regulation of the methods by which the revenue is collected. At least there is great need of this reform in particular.

Both particular parties have declared in favor of a Constitutional Convention and partisans are bound to vote for it as they would for their party nominee. Let everybody vote for the convention.—[Carrollton Dem.]

*The Barber's Pole.*

The barber's pole grew into its present style from the fact that the practice of trimming beards and heads of hair was combined with the practice of some of the arts of the surgeon. The original pole was the staff held by the patient during the operation of being bled. The bandage with which the arm was tied in drawing blood, was, after the operation was over, tied to the staff and wound around it. After some time the barber set his pole outside of his shop as a sign; it was painted red and striped around with white paint to indicate that he followed the business of a barber. From this came the colors of the barber's pole. It is a curious fact that in 1797 Lord Thurlow said in his speech for postponing the further reading of the Surgeon's Incorporation Bill, that "by a statue still in force the barbers and surgeons were each to use a pole." Thus were barbers and surgeons, under English law, put upon some kind of equality. There was a saying in France, "As glorious as a barber," and it was in vogue among the Normans in England. Because of his services to kings and nobles, he became a distinguished character. In the reign of Henry VI, the last of the Lancastrian kings of England, who was the son of the hero of Agincourt, a number of small houses stood around the palace which were in charge of the king's barber and the clerk of the wardrobe, or some of the domestic offices of the palace. These places were used for cleansing and furnishing up visitors to the palace so that they should be presentable to the king.

Edison's Electric Light is a wonderful discovery, but not as wonderful as Hall's Earthen Cure. For sale by Penny & M'Alister.

Be honest and pay your subscription.

*The State Election.*

The republicans content themselves with groundless charges against previous democratic administrations, quoting from the various official reports made since 1860, advancing one table only to withdraw it and substitute another when it is shown how untenable are their conclusions.

They complain because of the neglect of public education, and when it is shown that the taxation for public schools is increasing steadily they point to this increase as an evidence of democratic extravagance. They assert the State debt is increasing, but when it is shown that the debt is paid promptly at maturity and that the means to meet every possible obligation of the State are amply provided, they assert that this is impossible because the assessments are less, and consequently that the income of the State from taxation is less than in 1865.

The republican campaign is one of fust and feathers; it is a campaign founded on bold assertions, which are contradicted by the very authorities to which appeal is made.

Fortunately the republican party has never been in power in the State of Kentucky. Its leaders compare the present with the war period, but the men who then controlled the State were Union men, and the Union party was made up of the old whigs and democrats. When the war was over these men formed new party alliances; some joined the republican party, but the great majority have ever since followed the fortunes of the democrat party, and the policy which distinguished the State during the war has been changed in no essential particulars since, except, as we have stated, we are dealing much more liberally with the school system.

We do not deny that abuses have crept in; we have not failed to point to these and to urge the Legislature to reform them. Our assessment system needs to be radically changed. It allows too great a latitude to local officers, and serious injustices is the consequence.

But we hold that these changes and all changes should be inaugurated and carried out under the direction of the democratic party. The democrats understand better the necessities of the case; they are more in harmony with the progressive spirit of the day; they are less wedded to past abuses, less given to extravagance, more considerate of the people than are the republicans. In twenty years the republicans of Kentucky have failed to advance any policy or to formulate any definite proposition for the improvement of affairs in this State to which they can point as a party measure. Their record as the party in opposition is the most barren, the most contemptible, the most absurd ever made by any party.

Compare it to the record of the democratic party in national affairs. No student of history since the war fails to see that the influence of the democratic party on the course of legislation, on the formation of public sentiment, has been immense, forcing the republican party time and again to abandon many of its most cherished plans, and at all times modifying its most obnoxious measures. This is real opposition, and the importance of this character cannot be overestimated.

We have had nothing of this kind from the republican party in Kentucky. It has no force, no vitality, no power over public opinion. Its failure has been complete. The democrats have practically had no opposition and the republican leaders themselves have seemed to be content; they have managed to keep the party so small that, counting the negroes out, as they do, there have been almost enough Federal offices to go around. The only thing that disturbs their harmony is the fact that this "almost" is not altogether sufficient to satisfy the white office-seekers.

Why should such a miserable failure as the republican party in Kentucky expect to be intrusted with control of our State affairs? Their canvass is itself a farce, a false pretense. It is made not to affect public sentiment in Kentucky, but to manufacture ammunition for use at Washington.

These things are well understood in Kentucky, and the democrats should see that Mr. Knott, who has distinguished himself among the leaders of the opposition in Washington, is elected by an overwhelming majority.—[Courier-Journal.]

The coldest thing in the world—The kitchen oil-cloth to your bare feet on a winter's night.

The hottest thing—A raisin lying in ambush in a mouthful of hot plum pudding.

The longest thing—Your friend's favorite story.

The shortest thing—The memory of the perpetual borrower.

The biggest thing—The fortune you expect to make by stock speculation. The smallest—The fortune which you do make.

The toughest thing—The young wife's pie crust.

The softest thing—The conversation which passes between a duck and a deer.

The highest thing—The mercury in the thermometer about this time.

The hardest thing—The bit of bone that you "come right down on," when eating chops.

A damsel beset for her photograph By a wild youth of the genus self Agreed at last the boon to grant, To the great delight of the gay galan; "Oh, thanks!" said he, "I now day shall plead for the fair original!" And I gaily shaking her jolly head, "I'll give you the negative, then" she said.

She sang "I want to be an angel" and he swore she was already. To this she blushingly demurred. Then he married her. Demurrer sustained.

*Some Women Who Have Loveliest, but Unblushingly Hard Check.*

The circuit to be seen on the beach here is worth going ten times the distance to see. "In Europe, don't you know," said a British observer, "the ladies are pushed down the sand and into the water in covered bath-houses on wheels, so that there's no exposure, but here—." A sweep of his hand, taking in the whole scene on the beach, was his finish of the sentence. A hundred or more men and women, clad as for the ring, were posture on the beach, as truly for exhibition as if they had not been nonchalantly chatting, and as many more were frolicking in the water, turning somersaults into the incoming breakers, swimming and floating, playing tricks on each other and in various ways making the most remarkable entertainment ever given without money and without price. But in this, as in most sports, the best efforts of amateurs are eclipsed by professional achievements.

Two actresses made their appearance in garb that the most daring of the other women could not even contemplate without expressing scorn—or was some of it envy? Mary Prescott came first, wearing two pairs of stockings—one the color of her bare arms, and over these some red socks, so that the impression given at a glance was that her limbs were bare. Then she in turn was outdone by Etelka Berry in no skirts at all, but encased skin-tight in bodice, trunks and hose of knitted stuff. She lay for an hour flat on the sand, and long before the end of that time was the focus of hundreds of staring eyes. Although admiration might have been detected in some of this gazing, the comments were wholly unfavorable. The women were especially severe in their remarks, and so loud that Berry could not have failed to hear some of the condemnation.

"I declare," exclaimed a voice just back of me, "I am ashamed to look at her. I don't think she ought to be allowed here."

I turned to see the speaker and was astounded, for she was a girl attired quite as sparingly except that a skirt barely covered her hips. She was the center of a group of fellows, palpably the object of their curious visual attention and not in the least disturbed by her position or condition. And she was the highly and respectable and accomplished daughter of a Philadelphia "first family."—[Long Branch Letter.]

Two brothers became engaged to sisters of a neighboring family in Kentucky. The parents sanctioned the first engagement, but objected to the second. The younger of the couples determined to elope. One night the young man met a veiled girl whom he supposed to be his alienated in a picturesque grove and drove off with her in a buggy. He had not gone very far when he discovered that his companion was the desired one's sister, who had overheard them when they planned the elopement, and had come before the appointed time to perpetrate a joke. Appreciating the humor of the situation the young lover proposed to marry her, and she consenting, they were united. The families seem to be of a burlesque turn, for when the brother heard of the escapade he offered himself to his sister-in-law, who accepted him.—[N. Y. Sun.]

Parties who have tried it recommend sowing rye in orchards to plow under in spring. Sow late in August after a good, though not deep cultivation, having the ground well manured; and plow under just before heading out. After heading, the straw becomes hard, loses much of its fertilizing properties and hence its value as green manure. The winter covering is beneficial to the soil and also to the roots of the trees. It is recommended to keep up the practice from year to year.

Hungarian grass or millet makes food for horses, but it should be cut before the seeds begin to fill. Many farmers believe that the ripened seed eaten with the straw is injurious to horses, though others who have fed it freely have noticed no ill effects from such feeding. For cattle it should be cut as soon as it begins to blossom, which will be immediately after the straw has reached its full height.

ENTHUSIASM is one of the most powerful engines of success. When you do a thing do it with vim. Do it with pour might. Put your whole soul into it. Stamp it with your own personality. Be active, energetic, be enthusiastic and faithful, and you will accomplish your object. Truly has Emerson said: "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

It is a mean wretch who will slyly drop a hair switch in a car loaded with women, and then smile as he sees every woman make a grab for the back of her head when she notices it.—[Philadelphian-Herald.]

Students received my week day of the year. Summer session now open for receiving students.

Regular Fall Session, Sept. 1, 1883.

Students can graduate at this College in about one third

*The Morse Alphabet.*

The telegraph is worked by operators by sound. The operator who is sending the message manipulates the key and the current is transmitted to the receiving operator, who reads from the "sounder." The alphabet now in use, invented by Morse, consists of dots, dashes and spaces. The "dot" represents a short tick, the "dash" a long one and may vary according to the length of the dash. The "space" represents the pause between the dots and dashes. Thus, for instance, A is represented by a dot and a dash. The "dot" is the sharp, clicking sound; the "dash" is the long click, which is made by holding the key down. All the dashes in the alphabet are the same length except that representing "L," which is twice the length, and that representing the cipher (0), which is three times as long as the others. The length is indicated on the instrument by the duration of the time which the key is held or pressed down on the instrument. The alphabet is as follows:

A . . . .	N . . . .	Z . . . .
B . . . .	O . . . .	A . . . .
C . . . .	P . . . .	I . . . .
D . . . .	Q . . . .	E . . . .
F . . . .	R . . . .	S . . . .
G . . . .	T . . . .	G . . . .
H . . . .	U . . . .	H . . . .
I . . . .	V . . . .	J . . . .
K . . . .	W . . . .	X . . . .
L . . . .	Y . . . .	Y . . . .

CAPTAIN LOU, of the Salvation Army, whose real name is Miss Carrie L. Gardner, of Birkenhead, England, has been sentenced, upon trial and conviction in Brooklyn, to two years' service in the New York penitentiary for grand larceny. "Captain Lou" was also known as "Happy Kitty," but she was, despite her unctuous and winning ways and high profession of sanctification, a very gaudy toy had an attraction for him that seemed to be irresistible, for this offence is not the first of her escapades by any means. She was the center of a group of fellows, palpably the object of their curious visual attention and not in the least disturbed by her position or condition. And she was the highly and respectable and accomplished daughter of a Philadelphia "first family."—[Long Branch Letter.]

The physician here uses Darby's Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria. A. STOLLEMAN, Greenboro, Ala.

Dr. Darby's Fluid is Recommended by Rev. ALEXANDER D. STEPHENS, of Georgia; Rev. CHARLES F. DABER, D. D., Church of St. John the Evangelist, Columbia, Prof. University, N. C.; Rev. A. J. HARRIS, Prof. Mercer University; Dr. J. W. LATON, F. C. Church;

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.  
Friday Morning, - - August 3, 1883  
W. P. WALTON, - - - - - EDITOR

### DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,  
HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT,  
Of Marion.

FOR LIEUT.-GOVERNOR,  
CAPT. JAMES R. HINDMAN,  
Of Adair.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,  
P. W. HARDIN,  
Of Mercer.

FOR AUDITOR,  
PAULINE HEWITT,  
Of Harlan.

FOR TREASURER,  
JAMES H. TATE,  
Of Franklin.

FOR INSPECTOR OF LAND OFFICE,  
JOHN G. Clegg,  
Of Pike.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,  
JOHN DESHA PIGETT,  
Of Fayette.

FOR STATE SENATE, BIRKBECK DISTRICT,  
MAJ. F. D. RICHETT,  
Of Casey.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE LINCOLN COUNTY,  
JUDGE T. P. HILL, JR.

AGAIN and for the last time during this canvass, we call upon the democracy to awake to the importance of the election which occurs next Monday. It is not simply a question of electing our ticket, for no one doubts that the gentlemen composing it will fill the offices to which they aspire for the next four years, but it is a question of majority. Blackburn was elected by 49,917 majority four years ago and a single vote less in Knott's majority will be hailed by the republicans as a gain for their party. The brothers-in-law, Morrow and Bradley, claim that they will reduce our majority 20,000, which, should they by the apathy of democrats be able to do, will be a big feather in their caps for Federal promotion; their sole reason for making the fight. The democracy in other States that have hitherto been regarded as hopelessly republican has asserted itself in recent elections and with the glorious tide that seems to be sweeping on to a national democratic victory in 1884, Kentucky democrats ought to pride themselves in adding strength to the wave. By doing her full duty she will give encouragement to the party in other States, which are to vote after her, and her influence will be felt all over the Union. We can just as easily give 60,000 majority as 20,000, and we trust that every democrat will see to it that it reaches those figures. Our ticket is as far superior, with perhaps a single exception, to the republican ticket, as the sun is above the moon in shedding light, and we can not afford to give it a reduced majority. The "hellaballoo" raised about the mismanagement of the State finances has been proven to be a miserable pretense of the enemy, who can present no good reason under the sun why any body should vote for them. Again we appeal to every democrat to fall in line and vote the straight ticket which heads this column.

The most despicable of mankind is he who makes a common cause with his fellows in crime, and when detected, gives them away to save his own worthless neck. All classes of men feel a loathing for such cattle and when they get their deserts either through Judge Lynch's court or by the hand of an avenger, there is satisfaction felt, if not expressed, by every body. This feeling will be more general in the case of James Carey, the Irish informer, than usual. He entered into a devilish plot with a number of men for the Phoenix Park assassination, and when arrested turned State's evidence against them. A half a dozen of his accomplices have been hung on his testimony and the English government knowing that he could not live in safety where the Fenians could get a chance at him, had provided for his removal to South Africa. But just as he was stepping ashore at his destination, a man named O'Donnell, with a well directed shot, ended his infamous career. The slayer was arrested and will probably be hung, but he will die conscious of the fact that his memory will ever be revered by the Fenians.

The Louisville Commercial is disappointed in the looks of President Arthur. It says, "He is a handsome man, with a pleasing face and of commanding appearance, but the florid face, large *retroverse* nose, retreating chin, weak mouth and shabby cheeks are by no means marks of beauty." We would never imagine from the wood cuts that have been palmed off on the public that he was ever a handsome man, nor do we see how he can be with the latter qualification of the description.

These republican papers, in view of the strike, are discussing the expediency of a government or postal telegraph and urging its adoption. Of course they are for anything that will increase and centralize the power of the Federal government and open up more big jobs for the favored thieves.

The Louisville Exposition was opened at noon Wednesday and the great machinery set in motion by President Arthur. Thousands of people were present but the Exposition wasn't the grandest ever seen in the South. The Louisville people, according to the Courier-Journal, inserted the little pot in the big one and every body viel with every body else in being the biggest toady. The paper named has, as in the visit of Hayes and later of Grant, gone off into hysterical rhapsodies, but not to the disgusting extent as in the other cases. The President is accompanied by Secretaries Greenham, Lincoln, Folger and was met in Louisville by Gen. Sheridan. All along their trip through Kentucky, the people made big demonstrations in their honor, and at Lexington Gov. Blackburn in a set speech welcomed them to the Commonwealth of Kentucky. It seems strange that all this ado should be made over a man that, a few years ago was dismissed by Secretary Sherman from the Collectorship of New York because of gross mismanagement of the office, but nothing succeeds like success and Arthur having by a dispensation of Providence succeeded in reaching the highest office in the land, his past sins are forgotten and forgiven and nothing is too good nor too servile for the people to do for him.

Gen. Watt Hardin in his speech at Mayfield, Ky., proved by the Auditor's report that one single judicial district, presided over by a republican judge and Commonwealth's attorney, had drawn more money from the treasury in the matter of costs in criminal prosecutions, witness fees, and idiots' examining courts, than any other five judicial districts in the State, the republicans are awfully exercised over the alleged extravagance of democratic rule. —[Muhlenburg Echo.]

JUDGE HARGIS announces in a card his withdrawal from the Appellate race to succeed himself, because he can make more money by a law partnership in Frankfort and Louisville, and because he thinks the duties of his office could be better administered by one who has had less obstacles thrown in his way than he. Judge Hargis is an exceedingly bright man and a good judge of law, but we agree with him that it is best for him to retire to private life.

We believe now, as we believed at the time, that the Republican campaign of 1880 was one of the blackest, most corrupt and desperate conspiracies of the century. If new light can be thrown upon the details, history demands the revelation, and the testimony of the man who turned people's evidence become valuable, like alibi evidence of that kind, only as it harmonizes with and strengthens facts already known. —[Boston Post.]

The democrats of Pennsylvania are for adjusting the tariff so as to prevent unequal burdens for encouraging productive industries, but not to create or foster monopolies. As Ohio, Virginia and Pennsylvania have spoken, so speak we all.

The voice of neither Hewitt, Pickett nor Tate has been heard in the land since their nomination. But it is perhaps better that they have laid low. They might have injured the cause more by speaking than holding their peace.

EMMETT LOGAN has at last struck the eternal fitness of his existence. He is editing the dutch column of the Cincinnati News Journal with marked ability.

### NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The decrease of the National debt last month was but \$7,900,590.

—Mrs. Estey Burton, aged 99 years, lacking 16 days, died in Adair, this week.

—The Madison county republicans have nominated James Herndon for the Legislature but he'll never see the promised land.

—The interest in the telegraphers strike is subsiding, owing to the fact that the companies are dispatching business as usual.

—James T. Mannrich, a Clayton, Ga., school-teacher, while chastising a scholar was perhaps fatally stabbled by some of his co-workers.

—The Island of Ischia on the coast of Italy, has been visited by an earthquake, which destroyed the town of Cassaruccio and killed one thousand persons.

—Neal's trial commences at Grayson next Tuesday and the Circuit Judge has called on the Governor for troops to protect him. Two companies only will be sent, the Clark county Rifles and the Cerro Gordo Guards.

—A steam thresher belonging to Mr. Joe Hollins and Mr. Ward Hall went to St. Rose, near Springfield, to thresh the crop of wheat belonging to the monastery. While so engaged, a spark from the smoke-stack of the engine started a fire which burned up 300 bushels of wheat and all the combustible parts of the thresher. —Standard.

—Just before the death of Jonathan Arnold, the wealthiest man in West Virginia, a reconciliation was effected with his wife, a sister of Stonewall Jackson, from whom he separated during the war. Years ago the wife was allowed alimony to the amount of \$1,000 a year, but the Court refused Arnold's suit for divorce. Mrs. Arnold was a strong Union woman during the war.

—The Cincinnati Southern has contracted at noon Wednesday and the great machinery set in motion by President Arthur. Thousands of people were present but the Exposition wasn't the grandest ever seen in the South. The Louisville people, according to the Courier-Journal, inserted the little pot in the big one and every body viel with every body else in being the biggest toady. The paper named has, as in the visit of Hayes and later of Grant, gone off into hysterical rhapsodies, but not to the disgusting extent as in the other cases. The President is accompanied by Secretaries Greenham, Lincoln, Folger and was met in Louisville by Gen. Sheridan. All along their trip through Kentucky, the people made big demonstrations in their honor, and at Lexington Gov. Blackburn in a set speech welcomed them to the Commonwealth of Kentucky. It seems strange that all this ado should be made over a man that, a few years ago was dismissed by Secretary Sherman from the Collectorship of New York because of gross mismanagement of the office, but nothing succeeds like success and Arthur having by a dispensation of Providence succeeded in reaching the highest office in the land, his past sins are forgotten and forgiven and nothing is too good nor too servile for the people to do for him. —[Boston News.]

### BRO. BARNES IN SCOTLAND.

#### "PRAISING THE LORD."

ESKDALE HOUSE,  
DALKEITH, SCOTLAND, July 10th, 1883.

Dear Sister:

"Bennett's Close" is where the meetings are held. A "close" in Scotland is a narrow alley, or lane, with us. Often it is approached, as Bennett's, by a low archway built under houses, so that there is no break in the continuity of the frontage. Up this close we pass for 20 steps or so, over sloping cobble-stones, where open doors and untidy flights of steps lead to greater undainties in comfortless rooms above. Here, as in scores of places of the same sort, the poor, who have no means of earning better, swarv and fester in filth and discomfort. The Toads have taken an old stone of stone walls, knocked off a floor and made a neat chapel that will hold 120 or 130 people and here, after patient, painstaking visitation, gathered a Sunday school of over 100 children and hold regular religious services. Brother Willie, the youngest of the brothers, is the head of this enterprise and keeps it up regularly, tho' in active business with his father. The influence of this little mission is felt throughout all that of Dalkeith and many reclaimed souls bless the day it was opened.

Thursday the fifth we rode out 30 miles by rail to visit Abbotsford and Melrose Abbey, that lies conveniently within a few miles of each other. Bro. John, our ever attentive chipperone, arranged all the preliminaries and we were off by 10 o'clock to "make a day of it." We passed on the way, seeing them from the car windows, both Creighton and Northwick Castles, picturesque ruins in romantic situations. The letter of the two is where Mary Queen of Scots—the pitiful type of loveliness, misfortune and perhaps crime combined—passed her honeymoon after her marriage with Bothwell. This fascinating woman has thrown a glamour of romance over every thing she came in contact with and her tragic death has so condoned her possible crimes, that there remains only room for pity. I will not say in a Scotchman's heart, but in even that of the casual tourist as he stumbles at every step over some memorial of the ill-starred lady. In less than an hour we landed at Melrose Station, took cab and were whirled over a pictureque road, 34 miles, to the famous residence of Sir Walter Scott. I rode on the box with the red-haired ladie that drove us, pumping him in plain English and getting answers in such broad Scotch that I was once again at loss to understand, as I often am in my intercourse with these sons of Jacob, though where these particular tribes picked up their lingo, I'll leave to the country through which we passed on our way to Abbotsford in very like the lovely lands around Mt. Sterling, Ky.—with many dry stone dykes, or rock fences, to increase the likeness and make the landscape more homelike. Abbotsford of course appertains to a stream and this ford was in the river Tweed that flows in front of the beautiful premises, with a few hundred yards of lovely, gloomy park intervening. The view of this from the drawing-room window, with the rolling country beyond, is charming. It lies on a hillside, with the public road approach from the back. A high wall, covered with several varieties of ivy, screens the rear premises. We left our cab on the highway and descended to the mansion on foot. Following the path between a wall on one side and an iron railing on the other, the first object that meets the eye is a kneeling stone figure, life size, with hands and feet unfinished by the sculptor, but the pose very impressive, representing the execrable who betrayed Rob Roy and was about to be pitched, bound, into the lake by the command of Helen McGregor, swooning on his knees for mercy. He did not get it, but died for his treachery. In an ante-room, where the visitors' book lies on a table at the side, and a good-sized dinner bell on another, which tourists ring to call the attendant, we waited our turn for about 15 minutes. This gave us ample time to inspect the apartment, which was hung with old wood engravings, nearly every one representing a battle scene. There were perhaps 20 or 40 of these in small gilt frames, just as Sir Walter left them. By and by a little side door opened and a small party of pilgrims came out, headed by a young man who looked at us with an air of languid weariness, which was not assumed, I fear, by any fellow, I am sure. Such a life would put me in the lunatic asylum pretty soon. This young man was a cockney, too, of all persons in the world to show the life collections of such a thorough Scotchman as Sir Walter Scott. The proprietors demanded a Highlander in full costume, at least. The bones of the dead author must have rattled in their coffin if he heard our guffle, he said, "This, gentlemen, is a ebony casket presented to Sir Walter by George IV. This egg-shaped snuff-box was a gift from the Duke of Wellington," etc., etc., to match. But this *malapropos* attendant was the only disappointment of the Abbotsford visit. He wielded a stick like a large walking-cane, as he explained the shilling's worth that each tourist pays for the privilege of going over Abbotsford. He seemed to sit at strict justice in the matter, without affecting generosity; and even with that wearied, protesting air, as if he had done him a personal injury when we rang him down stairs with that great bell. He led us by a short flight of winding stairs (narrow stone and plain) at once to Sir Walter's private room, where he wrote his immortal works. His well-worn leather chair was firmly tied to the desk where he wrote, lest too many should wear it out by sitting down in it. It is a very "easy chair," to look at, and few could resist the temptation to sit where the good

baronet once panned the books that have delighted us all.

A small writing-desk, like other portable cases, but made of the wood from one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, sits on the top of the large escritorio that occupies the middle of the room. Tiers of old books fill the shelves and the upper rows reached by a gallery that runs around three sides of the room and from the end of which Sir Walter could reach his bed-room. In a small turret room just off the writing room, a bronze cast—copy of a portrait taken after death—lies on a table; the lace and carvings. Out of this writing room, filled with rare and curious things, and most of them presents from distinguished people, we were led into the handsome library and thence into a spacious and airy drawing-room, both commanding the elegant front view looking toward the Tweed; and both crowded with curious and costly things—again nearly all presents from the great ones of earth. The Pope of Rome heads the many with two superb arm chairs cunningly carved from rare and costly woods. George IV follows with the "hebony" cabinet, a wonder of wood carving and finish. The Duke of Wellington had sent the writing-case and pen-holders of crimson and gold captured at Waterloo in Napoleon's traveling carriage, while other Dukes and Marquises and Lord this and that had at various times sent rare and magnificent offerings to this son of genius who had so charmed the world with his facile pen. A list of all would read like a catalogue to a museum. And really Abbotsford is that, something far more, of course. The next room runs back and front, a narrow apartment, more like a hall than a room, but filled with curiosities, chiefly weapons, among which Rob Roy's shield of bull's head, round and studded with brass points, and his long gun, figures conspicuously. The poet, perhaps, was thinking of Rohr's shield when he described Robin Hood's "whose horse stands and tough bull's hide, that death so often turns not aside."

But the most touching article in the whole collection was the crucifix of mother-of-pearl (about 10 inches in length and the upright and cross-beam an inch in breadth) which poor Mary Queen of Scots held in her hand when the fatal axe severed the fair head from the body. Among Sir Walter's pictures is an oil portrait of the Queen, that alone, of all the scores of pictures I have seen in different London galleries, explains the secret of the overpowering fascination of her presence. It is a face of loveliness unsurpassed. A ghastly companion to it is another picture in oil of the unhappy lady, taken the day after she was beheaded. The face will haun us for many a day.

Through the "Army" proper, an squat vessel larger than the drawing-room, where hang in duly labelled order, wondrous specimens of implements of attack and defense belonging to Scots of the olden time, showing what an indefatigable collector Sir Walter was; and how all his thoughts were bent in the direction of those wretched days; and how he lived in a very atmosphere of tournaments and single combat and castles besieged and defended; so that to describe them as he has done, was simply to open his mouth and dictate, without any thought of unusual effort, to an amanuensis, until the excited writer, carried away by the thrilling tide of narrative, as is related, could ill-hock even a moment's delay in the heroic story, but said impatiently, "Do, Sir Walter, get on a little faster, till we get out of this." To whom the wizard of romantic story smilingly gave answer: "Softly, Sandy, softly; remember I have to make this as I go."

We left Abbotsford with more than our shillings' worth, though the young man did not care to give us more. A loving admiration of the gentle baronet, whose genius had beguiled so many hours of boyhood and manhood, did, what our guide could not do—make the dumb things in every room speak in a voice that could not be misunderstood nor forgotten. Poor robin! O, rare Sir Walter!

Melrose Abbey is described minutely in all the guide books and I may not attempt here what would simply be a matter of wearisome detail to those who have not seen it and can not see it through description, however laborious or minute. A ruin is the most inexpressible of things. Ivy is its typical covering and who can describe ivy? Dickens has done it best in "Ivy Green" and he has failed. "What can the man do that cometh after the King?" I can only say we were charmed with one of the most charming ruins in this modern land of ancient relics. A delightful ride home finished the memorable visit.

In conclusion, let me notice a remittance just received from a good sister, who objects to my Roten Row letter and to my account of our bill-of-fare and the prices of provisions in the London market, and tells me that I can not write something about the meetings I ought to write pastoral letters of advice and instruction and let the rest go. I will profit by the sister's advice and begin right now. My theme shall be suggested by this letter and the subject matter confined to four brief heads:

The Theme: *Unconscious selfishness.* 1st. Do you not know, my sister, that there are a great many readers of the *INTERIOR JOURNAL*? Ask yourself how many of these would stand a homily—semi-weekly or even weekly? Do you not see that to get in religion, at all, in a purely secular and political paper, you will "kill the goose that lays the golden egg"? If you demand too much? "To the Jew Paul became a Jew, that he might gain the Jew," etc., etc. But you refuse to let me become a horseman, or a housekeeper, that I may gain housekeepers. You selfishly require me to minister to your wants, who are already saved, while the greatest unsaved outside are to have nothing given to them that they may relish and through which they may be induced to read another communication that may save them. My sister, I pray you, be aware of this "unconscious selfishness;" that you have mistaken for a "hungering and thirsting after righteousness."

2. How much of the *INTERIOR JOURNAL* do you read? Ans: "I throw it away when I read your letters and only take it in order to get them." Thank you! That is quite complimentary to me; but

you confess that you take not the least interest in what hundreds of other readers of the paper devour eagerly. And yet you demand that they should be interested in a weekly tract that half of them would pass over without reading, if they knew that nothing else could be found in the "Foreign Correspondence." Again "unconscious selfishness" comes to the surface.

I am trying to make these frequent letters just what a familiar conversation would be if I could see those I write after a long absence. Just allow me to write, my sister, as I would talk, not at a meeting, but seated at your fireside, with your children around, who certainly would be bored if I said nothing but what you wished to be enlightened on, touching scripture. If you want that, you have my first volume, "God's Love Story," to be followed in due order by three others, if needed, but do recognize that there are others in the world less spiritual minded than your elf, who have to be attended to, or you will soon allow "unconscious selfishness" to rule you "with a rod of iron" in other things, when the consequences will be serious.

4. And finally, my sister, ponder the meaning contained in that old proverb of this good land of Scotland: "It's a weel to be lookin' a gift horse in the mouth," with which I conclude this hasty and letter. Ever in Jesus, Ora Barnes.

H. C. BRIGHT,

F. J. CURRAN.

## BRIGHT & CURRAN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers In

## GROCERIES AND HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, &c.

We run two houses, carry the Largest Stock in town; pay cash for our goods, which enables us to sell you cheaper than any one. All we ask is a trial.

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

## AT AND BELOW COST!

We will sell you anything in Summer Clothing, Hats, Boots and Shoes at and below cost to reduce stock.

### Don't Forget These Prices!

Suits, now \$5, \$7, \$9, \$10, \$12.50  
was 7, 10, 12, 14, 17.50

Shoes, now 75c, 1, 1.50, 2,

was \$1, 1.50, 2, 2.75

Slippers, 50c, 75, 1, 1.25

was 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2

Children's Shoes and Slippers accordingly.

**BRUCE, WARREN & CO.**

## PREPARE!

—BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE, FOR

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - August 3, 1883

## NOTICE.

The date printed with your name on the label shows the time to which your subscription has been paid. If it does not read Aug. 3, '83, or some future date, you are in arrears and would confer a favor by forwarding the money for another year's subscription. We must establish the cash-in-advance system.

## I. & H. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North .....	1:05 P.M.
" " South .....	2:00 P.M.
Express train " South .....	1:01 A.M.
" " North .....	2:33 A.M.

## LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS of Penny & McAllister.

NEW stock of birthday cards at Penny & McAllister's.

STANFORD ready mixed paints at McRoberts & Stagg's.

JOS. HAAR HOG Chadera Cutie. Penny & McAllister's agents.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAllister.

GIVEN up that McRoberts & Stagg make the best Soda Water in the world. Try it.

MACHINE OIL, which will neither heat nor gush, 60 cents per gallon. Also extra strained lard oil at McRoberts & Stagg's.

## PERSONAL.

MRS. BETSY WILLIAMS, aged 70 odd, was stricken by paralysis this week.

MRS. SUSIEGEN BURCH has gone to Georgetown, to attend the Glass-Martin nuptials.

DR. R. M. NUNNELLEY, of Winchester, is visiting his brothers and sister in this vicinity.

MISSES MACK AND CLOE LORIAN, of Hustonville, are visiting their cousin, Miss Anna Logan.

MRS. DR. L. F. HUFFMAN and Miss Mary Alcorn have gone to Crab Orchard Springs for a season.

COR. W. G. WELCH, R. C. Warren, Esq., and Hon. U. A. Lackey, went down to get a peep at President Arthur.

MISS HARVEY J. McROBBERTS, John J. Bright and B. F. Boutt are in attendance at the Harrodsburg Fair.

MAL. E. H. ROSE, our standard bearer in the Senatorial race, was here yesterday, looking like a man who was sure of success.

Mrs. Rose K. Richardson left yesterday for Jackson, Ky., where she will take charge of the music department in Jackson Female College.

Mrs. G. L. Holman and children, of Middlebury, left for Milwaukee, Wis., Tuesday, to go several weeks, for the benefit of her health.

Mr. Chas. A. Hause, Jr., and sister, Miss Jane Redd, of Mt. Vernon, are the parents of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Hayden. Mr. Redd is negotiating for the purchase of Mr. H. H. farm.

In the big crowd at Hail's Well are Misses Bettie and Annie Harris, Miss Engleman, Mr. and Mrs. George Engleman, Mr. and Mrs. George Bright, Mrs. Rohr, McAllister and Miss Connie Cooper.

Dr. P. W. LOUAN has returned from New York, whither he went to perfect his medical knowledge. He will leave with his family for Knoxville on the 23d, much to the regret of his friends all over the country.

Col. T. Z. Monroe passed Wednesday en route to Lancaster. He expressed himself as greatly pleased with the kind treatment he had received from the democrats during a full canvas of the State. Nothing unpleasant had occurred during the canvas, which had been made on high principles and he almost regretted that it was about to close. The Colonel is a gentleman and a man who conducts himself as such will always be treated with respect and kindness.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

FAIR JARS and CANS at Bruce, Warren & Co's.

GERMAN MILLER at bottom figures Bright & Curran.

BRAIN and shorts mixed, \$12.50 per ton at the Lincoln Mills.

S. S. MYERS keeps the choicest line of tea to be found in this market.

OUR last appeal is: Go to the polls and vote for Maj. Bigner, Tom Hill and the Democratic State Ticket.

S. S. MYERS keeps always on hand a choice line of groceries, which he is selling cheaper than ever for the cash.

The democrat who votes for Bobbitt is a weak-kneed one, it indeed his democrat could be found even with a search warrant.

The Second Nine of Lancaster came over and played the Third Nine of Stanford, Tuesday and got left. The score stood 31 to 32.

CARRIE STANLEY'S superb Dramatic Company, with full Brass Band and Orchestra, at Opera House 8th, 9th and 10th of August.

COMMENCING with to day the Lincoln Mills will run night and day until it can catch up with its orders, making over 100 barrels of flour every 24 hours.

THE Casey County Teachers' Institute will begin in Liberty on the 23 Monday in August, to continue five days. Prof. W. C. Headland, will be the conductor.

LINCOLN MILLS are now running full capacity and filling some large orders. A customer remarks that he is using the best flour from these mills he has had for five years.

SEVERAL light showers have fallen in the last day or two, but the farmers say a thorough wetting of the ground is necessary to insure a fulldisent of the late harvest promises for a big corn crop.

YOUNG men, you now have a chance to elevate one of your number. Show that you appreciate the situation by going to the polls and working early and late for the gallant young democratic nominees, Thos. P. Hill, Jr.

FRESH sea salt, lime and cement at Bright & Curran's.

HANDSOME line of Queenware and Glassware in town at Bright & Curran's.

FOR SALE. — A handsome residence will very cheap. W. Craig, Stanford.

M. BAWHIN HUNTER paper improves with each issue. The last number was especially creditable.

CALL, and see the new patent foot rest for rocking chairs, the most delightful thing out. B. K. Warren.

BUCKING increasing my stock, I am compelled to call on you for a settlement. Please attend to this Monday. W. H. Higgins.

HAVING sold out my stock of saddlery and harness, I am anxious to close up my accounts and would be obliged if all indicated to me will settle at once. Peter Hamilton.

NOTICE the advertisement of Miss Pauline Brock, which appears in another column. She will open a day school for girls in the Crab Orchard Springs buildings Oct. 1st, and will be assisted by a competent corps of teachers. Miss Brock is a daughter of Dr. Brock, the distinguished Presbyterian divine, and is a lady of rare education and accomplishments.

RICHMOND has two circuses next week and Bronston is the happiest man that ever advocated local option.

THOSE indebted to me will confer a favor by calling and settling their account. I need the money and trust this little request will be heeded. H. C. Ripley.

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## RELIGIOUS.

—Dr. L. H. Blanton, of Richmond, will preach at the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning and night.

We do not keep either "God's Love Story" or "Price's Life of Barnes," now, having turned the agency over to the Misses McAfee, who will be glad to supply all wish these books. Their P. O. is Richmond Junction, Ky.

—Brother Barres takes the only sensible view of what his letters should contain. Our readers, who do not take the paper for the religious proclivities, would soon be of a two column sermon twice a week, whereas an ingenious mingling of secular and religious matters, as his letters now appear, makes them interesting to everybody and forms a feature of our paper which we are indeed proud of.

—The Lexington Presbytery Rev. Lansing Burrows, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church, offered his resignation Sunday, to take effect September 1st, when he wishes to accept a call he has received from the Baptist church at Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Burrows is held in the highest estimation by his church and by the community generally, and he will be parted with by his command. Mrs. Jno. O. Hodges, of Lexington, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Harris Meekin, and her sister, Miss Lily, Col. W. O'Brady was in town Tuesday. Mrs. W. F. Hooker, of Louisville, is visiting Mrs. J. C. Craig.

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—Capt. J. W. Jacobs, of the regular army, was here for a few hours Tuesday and Wednesday, being on his way to Hot Springs, Ark., where he has charge of the erection of a hospital for soldiers and sailors. Capt. Jacobs has recently been stationed in New Mexico, whence he was ordered to Washington, thence to Arkansas above stated. Col. Henry L. Gilmer, of Louisville, who was commander of the 4th Kentucky Confederate Cavalry during the war, was in Danville this week. His regiment was made up in Henry, Shelby, Trimble, Owen, Carroll and Kenton counties and did good service for the "so-called." Misses W. J. Hobson and T. D. English belong to him. Mrs. Jno. O. Hodges, of Lexington, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Harris Meekin, and her sister, Miss Lily, Col. W. O'Brady was in town Tuesday. Mrs. W. F. Hooker, of Louisville, is visiting Mrs. J. C. Craig.

—Capt. Boone holds up his hands in holy horror because I have dealt some in whiskey. Granting that I have, I submit that it is fully as honorable to drink and then refuse to pay for it. I am authorized by Mr. W. W. Tomkins, of Danville, and Mr. Clay Powell, of Hustonville, to say that Capt. Boone is considerably indebted to them for liquor drank by him and that they are unable to get a cent from him in pay. That he should run whisky accounts when a few years ago he was an ardent temperance orator may sound a little odd, but facts are sometimes as strange as fiction.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, -- August 3, 1883

**A Dangerous Assertion.**

"I object to that man," exclaimed a lawyer during the selection of a jury.

"Why do you object?" asked the judge.

"Because I saw him reading a newspaper."

"Mr. Jones have you been reading a newspaper? State facts, sir."

"No, sir."

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer. " Didn't I see you reading a newspaper this morning?"

"No, sir."

Judge put him under oath: "I've been aching some time to send a man to the penitentiary for lying and I think my chance has come."

"All right, judge," replied the man, "put the lawyer under oath for I have hankered for many years for a chance to ketch a lawyer in a lie, an I think that the sun is now, shinin' on that day."

The two men were placed under oath.

"Now, judge," said the man, "let me put my question first. You seed me sittin' over ther on that bench this mornin', didn't you?" turning to the lawyer.

"Yes, sir; go on."

"What was I doin'?"

"Reading a newspaper, the Nuttville *Haller*."

"All right," continued the objectionable juror, "turn on your screws."

"Didn't I see you sitting on that bench this morning?"

"You must have seen me, for I was ther."

"Didn't I see you reading a newspaper?"

"No, sir."

Judge, exclaimed the lawyer, "he has perjured himself, for I did see him reading a paper."

"Hold on," said the man. "I claim that this lawyer has perjured himself. This mornin' I got a newspaper, 'cause I known that if I was found with it the lawyer would let me off so I can go fishin'; I got on the bench holdin' up the paper when this lawyer came along."

"That's what I say," exclaimed the lawyer.

"An' that's what I don't deny. You said I was readin' it, and I wan't. I can prove by all my neighbors that I can't read. I wouldn't know my own name if it was print as big as one of those houses. Now, judge, he swore that I was readin' and I claim that he has perjured himself and oughter go to the penitentiary."

"Colonel," said the judge, addressing the lawyer, "it is scarcely necessary for you to plead guilty as the facts are so plain; therefore I am, under the law, compelled to sentence you to the penitentiary for three years." —[Arkansas Traveler.]

**Facts and Figures.**

Statistics show that the annual consumption of eggs in the United States is about 10,600,000 barrels.

An alligator 14 feet long and weighing 500 pounds was killed near Wakulla, Fla.

The highest lake in the world is Green Lake in Colorado. Its surface is 10,255 feet above the level of the sea.

The traveling expenses of 100,000 drummers employed by the merchants of the United States are \$220,000,000 a year exclusive of salaries.

A census agent estimates that 7,000,000 people are interested in the United States fisheries, and that the annual product is worth about \$100,000,000.

The greatest length of the United States from east to west is 2,800 miles; greatest breadth from north to south, 1,800 miles; average breadth, 1,200 miles.

A Philadelphia woman was poisoned by holding a cent in her mouth while hunting street car change, and one in Chicago was similarly afflicted while holding a street car ticket. If women must hold anything in their mouths, we recommend them to hold their tongues.

**THE MARRIED AND UNMARRIED AT NEWPORT.**—A young married belle wore a white satin, very decollete, with black velvet trimmings, and diamonds blazing on the low corsage, the bare arms, and in her ears and hair.

Another of the young married belles was in a heavy China brocade white satin sprinkled with brilliant knots of flowers, worn over silver tissue skirt, the corsage decollete and sleeveless. This matter of the cut of the corsage distinguishes the married from the unmarried. The latter may be sans sleeves, but you may be sure that her neck is covered, while those married society belles exercise ingenuity in allowing a dress to be as decollete as possible. —[Times Democrat.]

John Black, Louisville, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best remedy I ever tried for headache and palpitation of the heart."

**OUR JUVENILES.**

*Grandpa's Barn.*  
On, a jolly old place in grandpa's barn,  
Where the doors stand open throughout the day,  
And the ceiling drives fly in and out,  
And the air is sweet with the fragrant hay.

Where the grain lies over the slippery floor,  
And the horses are busily looking around,  
Till the sunbeams flicker, now here, now there,  
And the leaves blow through with a merry sound.

The sunbeams scatter and sing all day,  
With sunbeam wings, in the old brown eaves,  
And the robin sing in the trees which can  
Be heard the root with the rustling leaves.

He had the glad vacation time,  
When grandpa's barn will echo the shout  
Of happy children, who run and jump  
In the new-built recesses of "school days."

Such scurrying of days from their roofs now,  
Such hunting for eggs in the lot so high,  
Till frightened him, with a cackle shrill,  
From their hidden nests are treasures to fly.

26, the dear old barn, so cool, so wide!  
The doors will open again ere long  
To the summer ring, the new-born hay,  
And the merry ring of vacation song.

For Judge and Jim on a summer day;  
And even old Tom, as the years pass by,  
Its memory never canst away.  
—*Harper's Young Folks.*

*The Drummer Boy.*

One cold December morning about  
eighty years ago, a party of tourists  
were crossing the Alps—and a pretty  
large party, too, for there were several  
thousands of them together. Some  
were riding, some walking, and most of  
them had knapsacks on their shoulders,  
like many Alpine tourists nowadays.

But instead of walking-sticks they carried  
muskets and bayonets, and dragged  
along with them some fifty or sixty can-

"All right, judge," replied the man, "put the lawyer under oath for I have hankered for many years for a chance to ketch a lawyer in a lie, an I think that the sun is now, shinin' on that day."

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*Facts and Figures.*

Fashion has shown us some strange vagaries in Japan. First she fixed her attention on pigs, then on rabbits, then on roses, then on specie, and now she is all for societies. Some societies there are, which, through good or ill report, have come to occupy a niche in the temple of notoriety, as for example, the Society of Protestants in Tosa, the Society of Friends in Nagasaki, the Friendly Brothers of Tokio, etc. All these are intelligible, though sometimes not intelligent, associations, aiming at some utilitarian, philosophical or political goal, but of late there have sprung up here and there strange brotherhoods with strange purposes and strange titles. Thus we have had the Fall-Together Society and the Pauper Brotherhood of Tottori Prefecture, as well as the Seaweed Society of Wakayama, so called because its members-elect, for the sake of distinction or necessity, clothe themselves in investments tattered like the "ragged rags of the yeasty brine."

"Bravo, Petit Tambour!" (little drummer) cried a tall man in a shiny gray cloak, who was marching at the head of the line with a long pole in his hand, and striking it into the snow every now and then to see how deep it was, "Bravo, Pierre, my boy! With such muster as that one could march all the way to Moscow."

The boy smiled, and raised his hand to his cap in salute, for this rough-looking man was no other than the General himself, " Fighting Macdonald," one of the bravest soldiers in France, of whom men used to say that one sight of his face in battle was worth a whole regiment.

"Long live our General!" shouted a horse voice; and the cheer, flying from mouth to mouth, rolled along the silent mountains like a peal of distant thunder.

But its echo had hardly died away when the silence was again broken by another sound of a very different kind—a strange, uncanny sort of whispering far away up the great white mountain-side. Moment by moment it grew louder and louder till at length it swelled into a deep, hoarse roar.

"On your faces, braves!" roared the General; " it's an avalanche!"

But, before his men had time to obey the rain was upon them. Down the dered the great mass of snow, sweeping the narrow ledge-path like a wave, and crashing down along with it came heaps of stone and gravel and loose earth, and uprooted bushes and great blocks of cold blue ice. For a moment all was dark as night; and when the rush had past, many of the brave fellows who had been standing on the path were nowhere to be seen. They had been carried down over the precipice, and either killed or buried alive in the snow.

But the first thought of their comrades was not for them. When it was seen that what had happened, one cry arose from every mouth:

" Where's our Pierre? Where's our little drummer?"

Where, indeed? Look which way they would, nothing was to be seen of their poor little favorite, and, when they shouted his name, there was no answer. Then there broke forth a terrible cry of grief, and many a hard old soldier, who had looked without flinching at a line of leveled muskets, felt the tears start into his eyes at the thought that that bright face would never be seen among them again.

But all at once, far below them, out of the shadow of the black, unknown gulf that lay beneath those tremendous rocks, arose the faint roll of a drum, beating the charge. The soldiers started, and went eagerly forward to listen; then up went a shout that shook the sky.

" He's alive, comrades! our Pierre's alive, after all!"

" And beating his drum still, like a brave lad! He wanted to have the old music to the last!"

" But we must save him, lads, or he'll freeze to death down there. He must be saved!"

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